

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1906.

Price Five Cents

THE MIRROR

ST. LOUIS



THE MIRROR

MOUNT OLIVE AND STAUNTON COAL COMPANY

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302 HOUSER BUILDING

ST. LOUIS

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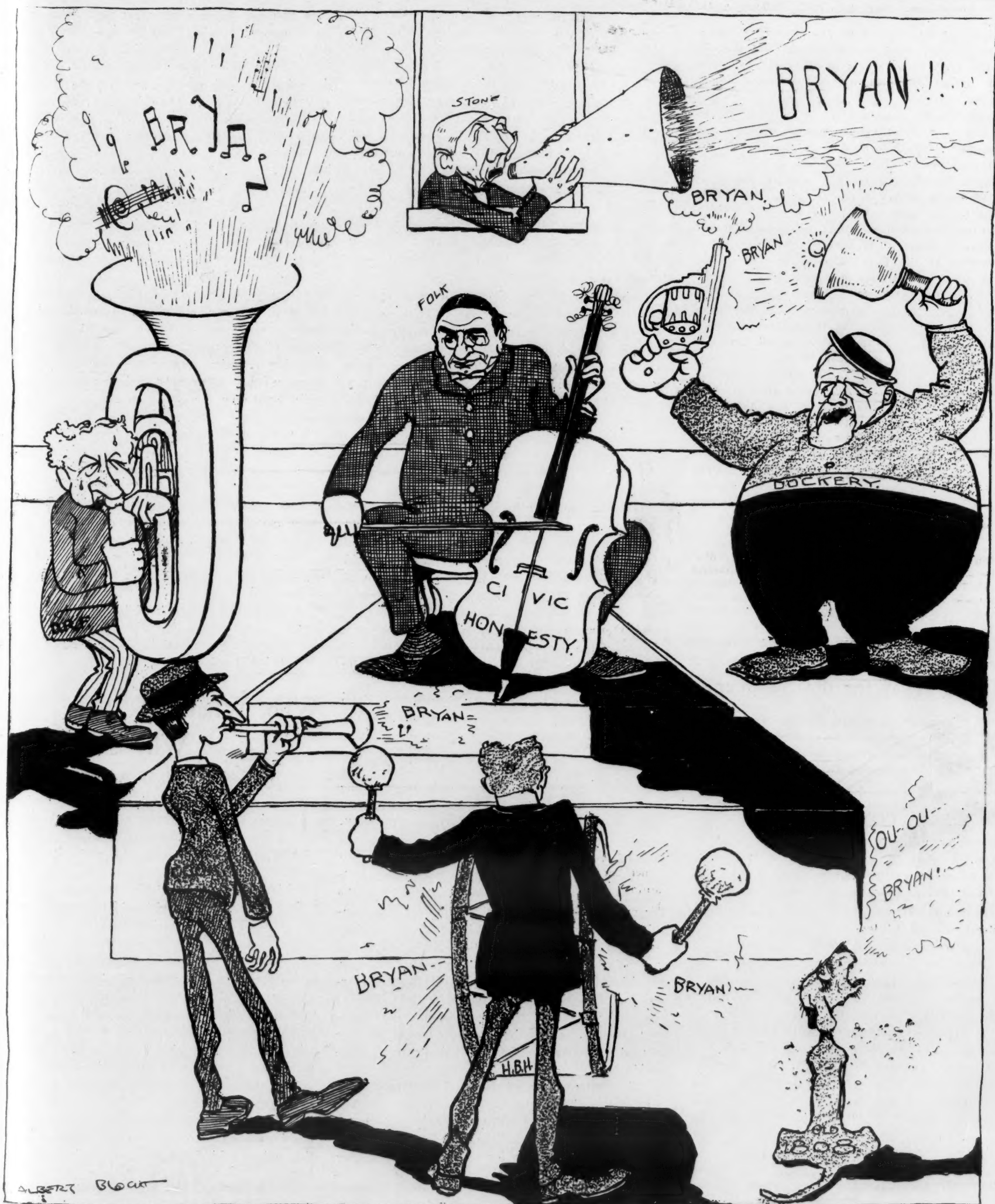
MOUNT OLIVE & STAUNTON COAL CO.

The Mirror

VOL. XVI.—No. 25

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1906.

PRICE. FIVE CENTS.



TRYING TO DROWN HIM OUT

THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Stewartsville "Program"

By W. M. R.

PROGROM" is the Russian word for an officially plotted killing of Jews. At Stewartsville, in this State, one day last week, Gov. Folk made a speech in which he outlined a plan for a State Commission to regulate rates and charges of public utility companies on the basis of a fair return for the actual investment. He will ask the Legislature "to apply the Railroad Commission idea to municipal public service corporations, with enlarged powers. The Public Utility State Commission will be charged with the power and the duty to investigate all public utility corporations, with the view of ascertaining the actual amount of money invested in the plants, and upon this basis to determine what shall be a fair return to the stockholders." This plans an official killing of the corporation graft in taxing the public upon inflated securities, on watered stock. Therefore it is a "progrom."

Coming upon the heels of the Governor's expression of a wish and a hope for the abolition in Missouri of all personal taxes, this proposal marks him as among the advanced, practical thinking economists of the present day. Such a measure will pass the Legislature, unless boodles stop it. Such a measure will approximate public ownership without paralyzing the energies of those who think municipal ownership means communism. It follows the lines of President Roosevelt's rate-regulation measure. As to its legality, that is beyond question. The State gives privileges, and it can restrict them. Its grant of a franchise implies such rights as are to be asserted in the measure outlined by the Governor. It would give to the people their share in such properties in the shape of minimized charges for service. It will get for society out of such properties a measure of the social value which is their largest real value. All that such a law requires is honest men to enforce it. There are many million more honest men than thieves. Squeezing the graft out of franchises will eradicate bossism. It will make bribery in franchise getting unprofitable, for bribes are given for the privilege to rob in rates. With rates honestly fixed there can be no robbery. Therefore bribery would diminish honest profit to such an extent that sane business men would not be guilty of it.

The State has the right, as we have said. The city has the same power. Every ordinance granting a franchise contains this last section: "The city reserves the right to amend, alter or repeal this ordinance at any time." The Governor's proposed law contemplates giving such rights to all cities, a right which carries with it the right to acquire the public utilities and operate them. We shall hear that the Dartmouth College decision that a charter or a franchise is an irrevocable, inviolable contract negatives such a law. That decision will go by the board. It is a palpable absurdity in this day of the mulcting, the debauching of the public by the holders of charters and franchises. As for robbing "the innocent purchaser of stocks," that is flubdub. The innocent purchaser is a myth these days, and besides, the general good overrules the hypothetical damage to individuals.

This "progrom" is of National importance. It puts into tangible, fictile form the somewhat nebulous views of Mr. Bryan. It is a case of "do," rather than "say," and for "do" the American people have much more regard than for "say." Folk is a doer. It is in act what Bryan claims to be. It is conserva-

tive radicalism against the corrupting interests. It makes the Bryan talk policy look like vaporizing. It goes right to the root of corporation corruption in striking at the profit that flows from exploiting the people through the use of the people's own property. A little more, a very little more, and Joseph Wingate Folk would be a single taxer, for he is bringing his equalizing and justifying practice close down to the theory of common ownership of land values. There is no public utility franchise that isn't based upon the private use of public property—earth or water, even light and air, since we find that light and air are charged for extra in the rent of some rooms in apartment houses or tenements.

Governor Folk isn't afraid of the interests and influences. None of their representatives is flocking to him. They have contracted a habit, indeed, of flocking from him. He is not a magnetic man, of course, but he projects something of practical value and actual relief to the assessed and oppressed and sapped citizen that is worth all the fine rhetoric of a thousand sophomoric speeches. This law of his will be passed at the next session of the Legislature. It will be in effect one year before the Presidential nomination is made. It will mean something to all the people of this country. It will mean more than scattering, empirical oratory. It will make Joseph Wingate Folk a formidable candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, for all his seeming elimination now. In two years we are likely to be rather tired of Mr. Bryan's great things said, and may be looking at Folk's arduous greatness of things done, to use Conkling's antithetical phrase of comparison between Blaine and Grant.

This Stewartsville "progrom," therefore, strikes us an epochal thing, in the contemplation of which we may well forget all things *de minimis* in the political ethos of Mr. Folk. For trifles the people care no more than does the law. We think that our Mr. Folk is still in the Democratic presidential running. We can see, from under the lid he has put on us, that the lid the dirty, despicable Missouri gang has put on him has not extinguished his light. Folk's day is not yet, but it will be soon.

Who, What and Why is Cummins?

By I. O. A.

THE nomination of Albert Barret Cummins to the office of Governor of Iowa by the Republicans of that State is an event of unusual interest and significance. To this action there were many objections of the kind commonly regarded by politicians as very formidable. He had opposed the policy of Prohibition, which still has many supporters. He had offended against regularity, making successfully an independent canvass for the Legislature. By vetoing the so-called Molesberry Bill, which was intended to promote schemes of high finance in railroading, he had provoked the wrath of the powerful magnates of the Burlington, Rock Island and North-Western systems. He did not believe that tariff schedules were essentially sacred, and that duties, once fixed, regardless of altered circumstances, were beyond the touch of change. He was holding his second successive term of office as Governor, and the second term had been extended one year by Constitutional amendment, so that the traditions of Iowa politics against a third term were peculiarly applicable to him. He had conceived his duty as Governor to be

imposed upon him by the Constitution of his State, and had administered the duties of his office according to the dictates of his own conscience and judgment, and so had incurred the opposition of the Washington contingent of his party, the Senators, the Secretaries and many of the Congressmen. His rivals for the nomination were men of high standing, and made common cause against him. One of them, Mr. George D. Perkins, was a leading editor of the State, and drew to his support many of the large dailies. Both Perkins and Rathburn, while getting the benefit of all the points of opposition to Cummins, skillfully avoided joining direct issue with him upon any of them. And more than all this, there was brought against him the seeming, although not the fact, of the hostility of the National administration, badges printed by themselves and bearing the legend "Oyster Bay Republican," being worn by all the stand-patters, delegates and workers alike.

And still he was nominated in a representative convention of sixteen hundred and forty delegates by a majority of two hundred and twenty-six over the combined forces of his competitors, and upon the first ballot. This, too, after a canvass in which the resources of the great railroad corporations of the State were used without stint and without scruple to compass his defeat, and in which there were no counter powerful interests to come to his rescue, and his only friends and allies were the good people who volunteered their services without money and without price in what they felt was the cause of honest and representative government.

The distinctive issue made by the Cummins people was against the interference of the large corporations in politics. There was nothing radical or extreme about it, nothing that savored of a raid upon corporate interests. Cummins himself is essentially a man of conservative disposition. He went to Des Moines nearly thirty years ago and engaged in the practice of law. He came early into prominence in his profession, and for years has been recognized as one of the leaders of the Iowa bar. Naturally, and almost necessarily, he had railroad companies and other large corporations in his clientage, and represented their interests with entire fidelity and to the utmost of his ability in the courts. But he was never a lobbyist, and never permitted his professional relations to influence his political action. His character is upon the high plane of his abilities, and inspired a strong personal devotion among his followers. While a railroad lawyer, representing for nearly twenty years the Wabash and the Rock Island Companies, he has been, ever since his service in the Legislature, antagonized by the companies politically active in all his public ambitions and purposes. In 1895 and in 1901 he was a candidate for United States Senator, and the last time was defeated by the narrow margin of three votes. His supporters for the Senate then insisted upon his becoming a candidate for the office of Governor, and, while bitterly antagonized by the Burlington and North-Western Companies, he was nominated. Then, as now, there was talk of continuing the opposition in the election, but he was chosen at the polls by the largest majority which up to that time had ever been accorded to a candidate for the office of Governor.

It was during this first term that the celebrated Molesberry Bill was introduced and passed through the Iowa Legislature. This bill proposed to remove the limitation upon the amount of indebtedness which might be incurred by any railroad corporation owning or operating any railroad in Iowa and other States.

The terms of the Bill limited it to companies incorporated under the laws of Iowa and owning or operating railroads in Iowa and other States. There were at the time but three companies to which it was applicable, and these were the Cedar Rapids and Northern, the Rock Island, and a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway Company, organized in 1901 and apparently with special reference to the enactment of such a law. The purpose of the bill was to help out the extravagant financial schemes of the Rock Island Company, and to afford a legal basis for the merger of the Burlington and Great Northern and Northern Pacific lines. The bill passed both Houses with but little opposition, but when it came to the Governor he vetoed it, and so cogent were his reasons that there was no attempt to pass it over his objections. In the course of his message vetoing the bill, the Governor said that its only substantial effect would be to overcome difficulties growing out of the purchase of the stock of the Burlington Company by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Companies. The new Burlington Company was organized in October, 1901, with but a hundred thousand dollars capital authorized, and the right to begin business when ten thousand dollars had been paid in. This new company took to itself all the powers of a railroad company, and especially the power to acquire the entire Burlington system.

"It is not difficult," the Governor said, "if inquiry be made, to find the motive for the organization of this company. The old company, which had been so prosperous, could not, either by reason of the laws of Illinois, or by reason of what had occurred in the purchase of its stock by the two Minnesota companies, create the volume of indebtedness which those who are interested desired to create. It was, therefore, necessary to add another corporation, and Iowa was chosen for its domicil. It is a matter of common knowledge that the new company, with an insignificant amount of capital stock actually taken, has leased the entire system of the old company. It must be true that it is without substantial assets, save the lease, and with the rental attached to the lease, its value, if anything, is purely speculative. In this situation it seeks the power to incur indebtedness without limit. It is one thing to grant to railway companies the right to borrow the money needed to aid in the construction and equipment of their lines of railway; it is quite another thing to authorize a class of railway companies to incur unlimited obligations without respect to the amount of their stock or the worth of their property. I cannot bring myself to believe that this species of special legislation is consistent with the public welfare or necessary for the legitimate development of railway property; on the contrary, it is my firm belief that corporate power to issue stocks and incur indebtedness needs restriction rather than expansion."

Because of this message, the Governor was marked for slaughter. No opposition was made to his first renomination in 1903, because the almost unbroken usage of the party accorded a second term. But it was decreed by the magnates that this second should be the last term of Cummins as Governor and the end of his political career. Nor were they content that he should pass quietly out of office, as he undoubtedly would have done. They wished to make it plain that no man could thus thwart their purposes and not pay the penalty. Confident of their ability to compass his defeat, they forced the fight. He was not to be permitted to retire, he must be driven from the field. He accepted the challenge as a duty to the public, and he waged such a fight for nomination as

the State had never seen. He went into nearly every county and presented his cause from the hustings. He made his appeal, not simply for himself, but for every candidate, State and local, who stood for the same principles. The corporate interests urged the tariff but as a mask for their real purpose. He kept the real issue, that of corporate interference with public affairs, to the front, and everywhere outside the field of railroad domination he won with a majority so pronounced that suggested attempts to control the convention against him by the exclusion of delegates were not ventured upon. His victory was bravely fought for, and was won because it was deserved.

There are some rumblings of discontent and some mutterings of rebellion, but for every Republican vote he loses, he will gain two Democratic votes. The people of Iowa are not given to throwing away the fruits of victory as soon as they have grasped them. They know that the only hope of the opposition is through alliance with the corporation forces that were against him for the nomination. Such a coalition the Governor is entirely prepared to meet. The campaign will not be a still hunt affair. It will be in the open. And as to the issue which is paramount, whether corporate interests or public welfare shall dominate, his place as its representative cannot be taken from him. Governor Cummins is in the prime of life, he has preserved the ardor and the enthusiasm of his youth, he has great capacity for work and great skill as a debater, and his canvass will be well worth observation from its commencement to the close.

♦♦♦

No Need of More "Lid" Laws

By W. M. R.

THE MIRROR does not approve the lid. The MIRROR does approve liquor-dealing regulation. But the MIRROR doubts if there is any need of Gov. Folk's proposed more drastic laws against the traffic.

The present law is severe enough. It accomplishes the result intended. The liquor dealers have obeyed the law. Indeed, the liquor dealers in St. Louis, at least, have obeyed the law much better than most men in other businesses have obeyed the laws that regulate their business. Violations of law have been sporadic. It is true that the law has been defied in St. Louis County where sympathetic officials, or officials venally submissive to the corrupt influence of graft and gambling law breakers, have encouraged or ignored the defiance. But that is already correcting itself. The better people of the county are organizing in protest against the overrunning of their region by the St. Louisans out for a rural, Sunday drunk. This protest will avail. The official tools of the county dive-keepers will have to bow to the better people. The better class of liquor dealers oppose the lawlessness in St. Louis County. The people will compel compliance with a law, the necessity for which only becomes apparent when they see the class of people who defy it.

Therefore, the MIRROR does not believe that this sporadic violation of law justifies the programme of appointing an Excise Commissioner for the whole State, with an army of deputies in each of the one hundred and fourteen counties and this city. Such a thing would make too great a political machine in the hands of governors not so conscientious or immediately and locally unambitious as Gov. Folk. Besides, it is another aggression upon the principle of home rule in the political subdivisions of the State.

Nor does the MIRROR believe it good policy for the

public that the Governor should be given the power to remove county officials, like sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys. Those officials derive, according to the tradition of common law, from the people. They are not to be set aside by an authority from which they are not derivative. They should be removable only by the courts of which they are officers, though after the removal the Governor might appoint their successors. Such a power of removal and substitutional appointment would also be a political menace. In the hands of a man unlike Folk it would be a machine agency potent to overawe and coerce the popular will at primaries and in elections. The MIRROR believes that the people of any community acting through the media of the courts are competent to rid themselves of law officers who are derelict in their duty. Such officers, when they are elective, may be held in check by the provision for a plebiscite of recall, or election of unworthy men out of the offices in which they are unsatisfactory.

Governor Folk should not be disheartened by the prospects. He has done much—more, perhaps, than he thinks. He has enforced a law that the people of St. Louis thought non-enforceable. He has enforced it to an extent fully as great as possible to enforce such a law anywhere. His work looms big in the world which it most affects. He has not failed. He may invite failure by trying too much. The matter of a few men selling drinks clandestinely, or even openly, in some sections, is not important enough to be magnified in such a way that it may burst of undue distention. It is folly, the MIRROR thinks, to talk about calling out the militia. It is folly to project more laws against venial law-breaking when the laws may develop evils greater than those they are designed to cure.

There is enough law to regulate the liquor traffic. The liquor dealers are obeying that law. To make more laws looks like punishing the liquor interests for their obedience. And there is no need of laws to give governors more appointive power, more political spoils. The Governor has done good. If he overdoes it, he will do wrong.

A Thought in a Pause

By W. M. R.

BRYAN'S boom, so far as the politicians have pre-empted it, is insincere. There is no occasion for the proposed demonstration. It was manufactured: in the East, to stop Hearst; in the West, to stop Folk. It is designed that the State bosses may get together, the various machines, too, in order to shut out the people who may be honestly for Bryan. It is palpably premature. There are already signs that there is difficulty in keeping up the excitement. The people have been made dubious about the whole thing because of their knowledge of the character of the men who have butted in on leadership—the men who are not for Bryan for his sake, but for private ends. Too many alleged Democrats who have always plotted and voted as assistant Republicans, are at the fore in the reception movement. The plan has too much encouragement from the class of Republicans that hates Roosevelt. No Republican who hates Roosevelt can love Bryan. The crowd that has captured the reception plan is a discredited crowd. They are all wrong. Bryan is all right, but he is singularly lacking in gumption in that he doesn't see that these new-found friends are a detriment to him. The boom is not for him, but for them. Upon its strength they

hope to make themselves strong in their respective States, and once they have fixed themselves, they will be open to any new suggestion of the expediency of another candidate. In two years they will have time to look about and possibly discover some other available man. The politicians of the old school—like the graft gang in Missouri—don't want Bryan if they can get away from nominating him, but they are willing to shout for him in order to get control of the people and then help themselves. So far as the MIRROR can see, outside of Gus Thomas and Tom Johnson and Governor Folk, there is no one conspicuously identified with the working up of the Bryan renaissance that can be trusted as far away from sight as you can throw a bull by the tail. To most of the mob of fixers who are yelling for Bryan, he is only a club, to be killed himself in clubbing Roosevelt, Hearst and Folk. That he doesn't tumble to this is a sign that his vision and judgment are warped and intoxicated by the music and incense of flattery. How much greater had he loomed before us if he had said to the impetuous receptionists: "Gentlemen, I want no reception. I am only a plain citizen of the United States upon my travels. I have done nothing but my duty. I prefer that my homecoming be a strictly private and unofficial affair as my travels have been." Mr. Bryan has been poorly counseled, and the best proof of this is to be found in the evident strain to which the receptionists have been put to keep up interest in the affair, when they had been better employed in hustling throughout the country to elect a Democratic Congress. It looks to me as if the Bryan boom is exhausting itself. There is good reason why it should. President Roosevelt has made heavy drafts upon our enthusiasm by his actions, and after them it is hard to feed the flame upon Mr. Bryan's words. This Bryan booming is bringing us over the old ground that we have traveled after Roosevelt. Our throats are sore from old hosannahs, which we cannot shout over a warmed-over gospel. It had been better if the Bryan boom had been held back until such time had elapsed that we should have forgotten that his doctrine, after Roosevelt's deeds, is an old story. We don't care for an act now that merely echoes and copies the act that was on immediately before. The people are for the time being calloused to the appeal Bryan makes. They have had it along the full gamut for five years. They need a new tonic; or, better still, a cool bath of silence.

Reflections

Ten Million

PUBLIC-UTILITY assessments for taxation in Missouri have been increased this year ten million dollars. Here's where the common people can feel, just a little, their dear friends, the corporationists, getting off their backs. The increase isn't nearly enough, but it's a start in the right direction to get the social value out of the people's grants to corporations. It is the more significant because it comes from a Board of Equalization in which Republican officials are in the majority. Attorney-General Hadley co-operated with Gov. Folk most strenuously in urging the increase. The incident makes it not at all so certain that the Democrats will recapture the State from the Republicans at the next election. It's the biggest blessing that has yet come from "the mysterious stranger" in Missouri. It shows how the people profit by a closer balance between parties than this State has known. But we need more, much more such work.

"THE-MAN-WHO-SMASHED-BRYAN'S-MUG" is on

three of the reception committees, but can't attend. Hawes is a *haasenpfeffer*—a dead rabbit in a stew.

Bud and Mose

Two things we await with passionate expectancy—Mose Wetmore's opinion of Europe, and Europe's opinion of the delicious *morbidezza* of quality in the said Mose Wetmore. Mose is a great plugger who made, but is no plug. We love Mose, but can Europe see him? We know it cannot go him one better. Why doesn't Homer Bassford tell us more of Mose, picture him, the last most gifted Child of Time "stomping" amid storied scenes and jaundiced with jealousy of the fame of Dave Francis? And Bud Dozier! Mose and Bud! O, for teleological information of those tails of greatness, those patches on the rear elevation of the pants of Power! Bud and Mose, bottle holders to the Titans! These are the "gentlemen's gentlemen" who destroy the Thackerayan dictum: "No man is a hero to his valet." Mr. Bassford should give us their views of D. R. F. and W. J. B. and everything—if there be anything—else.

CAN'T Circuit Attorney Sager *quo warranto* this weather and not let the proceedings go over to October?

WE ARE afraid Mr. Bryan's mental measure is adequately indicated by the importance he attaches to Colonel Wetmore.

A Pleasant Life

AFTER all, is it our big heapers up of money who do the most good in the world? One might easily name at least eleven, or even thirteen or twenty-three local plutocrats, not one of whom has done as much good as the late Jere Hunt, who was only a local flaneur, who hadn't much education, whose ideas were limited in number and in scope. He never had much money for very long. He gave no thought to great schemes or problems. But he was the man to stake a "busted" actor to leave town. He was the one to see that the stranded actorine ate regularly and got back East without counting ties. Almost his entire capital was a quiet little jolly as he passed along, and a naturally kind heart. He was not intellectual, but he had a gift of hearty and heartening helpfulness in that small way that looks so big to the beneficiary. Jere was one of the "characters" of St. Louis, and his fame had spread abroad in a thousand gags among commercial travelers, railroad men and stage people. And when he died there was such a throng to view his only and last chill smile, as far surpassed in numbers and in sincerity of sorrow the last funeral among the so-called Big Cinch. He was simply a pleasant man and a kind man, not deep, and, perhaps, in taste a little loud, but he made an impression for "sweetness and light" upon a mighty roster of people that will last longer than any given off by any man in this town who might spend for one night's pleasure a sum equal to all the money that was to Jere's credit on the day he died.

MUCH has been said against the local Big Cinch. But J. Brooks Johnson is the man who has successfully "done" them.

A Tip at the Alps

OUT at the Alps the other evening a rich man's son settling a dinner bill of \$5, gave the waiter a \$50 bill and said, "keep the change." The wife of the rich man's son protested, and the waiter agreed with her. "I don't want a tip of that size," said

the *garcon*. "It's too-easy money, and it would do me no good. The hand books would get it." The waiter glimpsed a great truth. No money is good if you don't earn it. The rich young man's money taints its possessor. His foolishly extravagant tip was void of merit. He didn't give it because he wished well to the waiter or because he appreciated the service, but only to glorify himself. He hadn't earned the money, and in wasting it he dishonored the good old father who had worked hard in order to leave it to the youth. There was a whole sermon upon economic wrong in the Alps incident, and its chief homiletic point was this: that all money which is not the fruit of honest effort corrupts the mind, stuffs the heart with vanity and debases the taste of its possessor. Honestly made money commands respect. Money that is not honestly made stultifies the man who has it and brings him into contempt as merely an appanage of a few paper or metallic symbols of value.

❖❖

HOMER BASSFORD hasn't been mixing with the theatrical advance men for years without learning the game. His press work for the Bryan show is the best ever. None but the diplomatic Homer could hand the salve at the same time to the star of the Bryan troupe and to the leading man, D. R. F. Great work that of Homer in the *Republic* these days—not great journalism, but great advance agent advertising.

❖❖

THERE won't be enough of Democracy's wardrobe left to flag a hand-car after Theodore Roosevelt has taken his crack at the tariff issue. Paste this is your hat.

❖❖

DON'T forget this in trying to forecast political events: Roosevelt is not a stand-patter. Wait for the big show in tackling the tariff. A lot of other protected snaps will go the way of denatured alcohol.

❖❖

Facts

ACCORDING to the *Post-Dispatch* D. R. Francis started the Bryan boom. Wrong. The Bryan boom was brought to Missouri from Wall street by our good friend, "Jim" Campbell, at least three months ago. It was the gnostic and genial "Jim" who told Manager Charles W. Knapp, of the *Republic*, that Bryan was the choice of the "talent" in the shadow of Trinity, and it was after Mr. Knapp had been thus tipped that D. R. F. came out for W. J. B. These are the facts.

❖❖

THE sporting muck-rakers are making a Rockefeller of "Muggsy" McGraw.

❖❖

ANTHONY COMSTOCK thinks too much art is on the bum.

❖❖

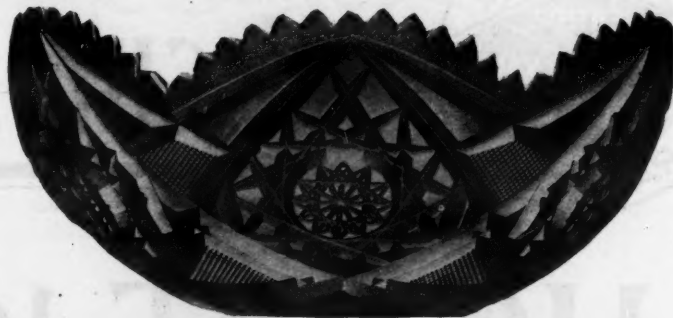
Hitchcock

MISSOURI is a pivotal State. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, the Administration reformer, who is most effective and least vociferous, is from Missouri. Therefore Ethan Allen Hitchcock may properly be regarded as a Republican Presidential possibility. There's not a drawback to him in that respect, except that he is not a mixer.

❖❖

If Roger Sullivan smells too strong for Mr. Bryan in Illinois, what will the Peerless think of the Missouri leaders who have taken him up? How can he stand for his big Missouri supporters who, while echoing his blasts against the corporations were tapping those corporations for subscriptions and working

Jaccards Cut Glass



CUT GLASS SALAD OR BERRY BOWL.

THIS beautiful Cut Glass Salad or Berry Bowl, as shown by above illustration, 8 inches in diameter, rich, deep cutting, on extra heavy glass, and reflecting rays of light to a high degree. **\$4.50**
A beautiful bowl and Special Value.....
Many other patterns from \$6.00 to \$54.00.

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COR. LOCUST

them for lobbyist fees at the same time? How can he stand for a bribe-overseer like Soapy Sam Cook? How can he abide the support of the race track grafters who controlled St. Louis through appointments by Dockery? How can he make fish of Sullivan and flesh of Stone, if Stone's enemies can substantiate their accusations against him? The *Post-Dispatch* is right in putting these things up to the peripatetic Nebraskan.

❖❖

"OUR Dave" lost the medal he took over to pin on the breast of President Fallieres. But he can't lose Bud Dozier.

❖❖

Up Boys, and at 'Em

J. BROOKS JOHNSON, the money lender, has the North American Securities Company on the hip. But all he wants is that they shall buy his stock at his figure. They will buy. Sure'y St. Louis has rights in the big merger as grantor of the franchises which are ninety-five per cent of the consolidation's assets, that give it some of the power held by the so-called *Shylock*. It's time for reduced street car fares in St. Louis. The foreign-controlled combine must be made to share its plunder with the city.

❖❖

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN is to marry the girl to whom Tusitala made a present of his birthday, Miss Annie Ide. This will be Mr. Cockran's third wedding. He is almost as experienced matrimonially as politically, but his constancy in the former relation is more dependable than in the latter.

❖❖

Infamous Law...

BILLY MARSHALL, who resigned from the Supreme Court of Missouri to go to work for Cella, Adler and Tilles, as head of the bucket brigade, carrying water to the CAT, springs the Dartmouth College case decision as something to stop Gov. Folk's rate regulation of State corporations. The Dartmouth College case is the foundation of American commercial and political corruption. It is the most iniquitous, most infamous decision ever rendered. It binds posterity in slavery to corporations on the strength of charters granted by States in innocence and ignorance of

the malefic genius of corporations. It is fittingly upheld as a palladium of liberty by the man who quit the Supreme bench of his State to go to work for a bucket shop with umbilicular ligatures binding it to the great race-gambling game. The Dartmouth College case decision is to industrial slavery what the Dred Scott case decision was to chattel slavery, and its fate will ultimately be the same.

❖❖

If you're a small stockholder in a high finance concern, don't worry. You can't be sold out, without your consent, by the big fellows. Our most eminent high-percentage money lender, Mr. J. Brooks Johnson, has established that fact. This should mean an end of the squeezing and freezing of the small stockholder by the prominent and avaricious citizen.

❖❖

Jimkey

ALAS! The Octopus has "got" James K. Jones, of Arkansas, even as it "got" Joe Bailey, of Texas. He is an attorney of the Standard Oil Company. But he is not quite a new recruit. He was in the round bale cotton trust with Dave Francis and others some years ago, when they tried to get the Southern planter in their patent compress and squeeze him to the limit. Mr. Jones is another of the pure anti-plutocratic Democrats who are rallying behind Bryan to chase the Octopus off the earth. He is willing to be chairman of the National Committee again, to that gladsome end.

❖❖

It was the race track game that burst the Milwaukee avenue bank in Chicago. Of course the ponies were assisted by the bucket shops to a slight extent.

❖❖

Splendiferous Undertaking

HUH! In riding on the Olive street cars have you noticed how palatially our local undertakers are housing their businesses? There must be lots of money in handling "dead ones" to enable such evidently heavy expenditure in such mortuary architectonics. It is a form of advertising for business commendable for its tasteful subtlety, for it emphasizes



SPECIAL MICHIGAN EXCURSION

AUGUST 16th and 17th

ROUND TRIP RATES FROM ST. LOUIS

\$13.50 { Bay View, Mich.
Charlevoix, Mich.
Petoskey, Mich.
Harbor Springs, Mich.
Wequetonsing, Mich.

\$14.50 Mackinaw City, Mich.

\$15.50 Mackinac Island, Mich.

\$14.50 Marquette, Mich.

\$16.50 Houghton, Mich.

Going, tickets will be honored on all night trains of August 16th and the "Daylight Special," leaving 11:45 a. m., August 17th. Returning on or before August 28th.

Through Cars From St. Louis

Tickets and reservations at 707 Olive Street, or address:

W. H. BRILL,

Division Passenger Agent,

ST. LOUIS

the grandiosity of death rather than its fearsomeness. We are glad to see our undertakers indulging in these restrained and somewhat sombre splendors, but we regret the evidence therein contained that not only does it cost us more to live these days, but it is costing us much more to die. And yet this is all right—this latter part. When a man of money dies it should cost him as much as possible, because it diminishes the amount of what he leaves to relatives to quarrel about, and often to ruin their better natures in the alleged enjoyment of it. The man who leaves money leaves a curse nine times out of ten. And his leaving it is not accounted unto him for goodness, since mostly he only does so because he has to. Wherefore, we hope that the undertakers will charge all that their Stygian traffic will bear when the plutes

fall into their hands. May they build them more stately mansions, these mortuaries, that their palaces, rising like exhalations, may teach us what fools we are to grub and grind all our days only that in the end we may be "a little more work for the undertaker."

❖❖
THE *Republic* has quit printing Gov. Folk's speeches. Dave Francis doesn't like 'em.

❖❖
CUMMINS, of Iowa, has done over again what La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Folk, of Missouri did before him—smashed the machine.

❖❖
Now the *Sun* suggests William Travers Jerome as Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. The *World* seems to be boosting Judge William J. Gaynor for that honor. But William Randolph

Hearst will either be or beat the next Democratic candidate for Governor of New York.

❖❖
WHAT has become of Leslie M. Pshaw?

❖❖
MR. HAWES isn't as proud as he was of smashing "that dub" Bryan's picture, the night Rolla Wells was counted in as Mayor of St. Louis.

❖❖
The Anarchists
THAT riot over the double fare to Coney Island proves only that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company caused the riot. The company deliberately attempted to collect double fare after Judge Gaynor had declared such fare illegal. The corporation was the anarchist, not the crowd that wouldn't be gouged. The lesson of the occurrence will not be lost on the

country at large. Corporations had better beware how they defy the courts when they can't buy them, else they may some day find their officers and heavy stockholders decorating lamp posts in the big cities.

THE Lumber Trust is squeezing the unfortunate rebuilders of San Francisco. Mr. Nelson W. McLeod is an honored "main guy" of that combination.

Kindly Caricatures

[69] W. H. Thomson

LONDON had and New York has a banker poet—Rogers and Stedman. But it is nothing to have a banker poet. St. Louis has a banker who is a poem. His name is William H. Thomson—without the "p" please.

Yea, a poem, a truly wrought pastoral in personality, something suggestive of the strangely beautiful marriage in rhythm of phantasy and reality, naturalism and exquisite artifice that we find, let us say, in Milton's "Comus." There's a happily corresponding solidity and airiness in him that reminds one of a Veiled Prophets' parade. It is something exquisitely faerie builded upon hard work, something of a fancy-clothed substantiality.

Master of the magic of growing young. He's been banking here since 1857, and since 1870 he has been cashier of the oldest local bank, the Boatmen's, and he came into the world to gladden it in 1837. Not one man in St. Louis is his superior in the graceful art of life. His whiskers are the only whiskers in this town that command reverence. They are whiskers of innate distinction. They are whiskers which do not whisk. They are a delicate last touch of personal quality in art added on to Nature's bountiful benisons upon the wearer. When he strokes them, it is as if he wooed from them or through them affluence of grace and radiated it upon the world.

The city has no young beaux to compare with this chevalier of commercialism's *ancien regime*. He is as if he stepped out of a novel of high life of forty years ago. His polish is not shiny. His manner is that of one to whom manners as well as manner are a serious matter. His "form" is that of one who puts ceremonial into life as if it were a religious function. Yet he poises in happy mean between siccancy and unction. His laughter reminds you of the music of old spinets. His gestures make you think of *Sir Roger de Coverly*. That studied, even recondite air is yet tentatively alert. It is a miracle-compromise between brusque and chipper.

He is the last incarnation of elegance in business. To the modern man those whiskers would be in the way; there would be ink spots in them; an electric desk fan would dishevel them. But Mr. Thomson—he wears them in an automobile and they never turn a hair at topmost speed. Only airs from Arcady stir in them subtly and titillate his features into smiles that soften his turning down of your "paper." No one but he W. H. Thomson, could wear a silk hat with a sack coat and make them synchronize. It was he in an earlier day who could add to that effect the daring challenge to harmony of an ox-blood tie. Meticulosity is his foible, but his peculiar priscianism has never gotten on the nerves of others. His attentiveness absolutely enclouds one with its pervasiveness, but it doesn't become fussy, and his personal preciousness never degenerates into finicking, as it never fails well to consist with strict business. His profusion of compliments is old-fashioned, to be sure, but while they are profuse they are not too gorgeous. It is rare that one sees the drawing-room or ball-room manner successfully carried into business life, but Mr. Thomson carries it there and carries it well, and it never strikes a note of incongruity.



Kindly Caricatures No. 69.

W. H. THOMSON

But at the rush, the rout, the function—ah, there is where our admiration mounts to love and all forgetful we exclaim: "Who is there that is in it with Bill?" Yes; we *will* call him Bill. It is affection's diminutive. There is none like Bill. In the halls of dazzling light he is the predominant luminary. He flitters and he flatters. He permeates the scene. Those whiskers are in the melee the equivalent of Henri's plume at Ivry. He manipulates his glasses, manœuvres his handkerchief as if in his motions he were weaving spells in graceful designs upon the perfumed air. The air palpitates with yearns towards him from the matrons and the maids. And, oh, to behold him dispose of his champagne! It is a ritual that culminates gracility in the acme of satisfaction. The wide world over you shall not see elsewhere such aesophagic ecstasy, which artistry in getting out of the taste and tinge and thrill the last, uttermost gustatory felicity. And he passes from the chatter of the debutante to the serious talk of the business men with scarce a hitch in the transi-

tion. He is supreme. Yes, supreme, and we forget not the unguentian, suave, gold-litten, debonair, prepossessing, captivating nuances of attention which characterize Mr. Frank Hirschberg. Capt. John Corkery and Mr. William Rhinds Donaldson. You forget the dross-fact that he is a banker. You feel and know that he is an artist in the most difficult of all material—life.

For what is it to be a banker or anything else, if the girls won't look for you before you're there or look at you after you arrive? Who cares to be a leader in civic work, a force in finance, a dominant citizen, if one can't with apparently aimless, idle, even silly art butt into a party in its glad rags and small talk and get everybody to going some and thinking they are not only having but giving to others a good time? To the devil with all the money in the Boatmen's bank, if only one could be what Mr. Thomson is—a genius for the elaboration of life's little and almost meaningless amenities into functions energizing into good will and

WE WILL ACTUALLY GIVE YOU \$10.

WE ARE OVERLOADED WITH
\$25 SUITS
WHICH MUST BE SOLD AT THE
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It is almost unnecessary for us to dwell upon the quality of these suits, as the buying public is now thoroughly conversant with the undeniable excellence of quality found in

DIEL'S UNCOMMON CLOTHING.

Yet we feel that a word of explanation in reference to this price-reduction is due. We purchased a vast quantity of these handsomely tailored suits to be sold for \$25.00. A retardation of the past season prevented the complete closing out of these suits at the original price. Consequently, we have decided to push these suits out of stock and to actually make each purchaser a present of \$10.00 by selling these suits at **\$15.00 EACH.**

Your judgment, in prompting you to grasp this unprecedented opportunity, is not misleading you. The snap is a rarity.

THIS is not a canard, not a parody on business principles. We are going to do just what we say, not through choice nor through philanthropic motives, but through the inevitable force of circumstances.

We have a complete line of 2
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Reduced Prices

All our Panama Hats now offered at

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Your choice of all our \$3.00,
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OPEN TILL 10:30 SATURDAY NIGHT

Diel's
ST. LOUIS

NINTH AND OLIVE—ODD FELLOWS' BLDG.

good humor a bunch of folks desperately prepared and determined to be bored with one another.

There are those who smile at all this, as at the "Thomson" without the "p." But they should weep that unto them is not given to preserve fresh the heart of a boy, the little priceless tact of a woman, with the bitter cynic wisdom of a man into one's seventieth year. 'Tis a gift greater in this our banker Bill, than that he is a high financier, than that he might build skyscrapers, than that he might endow libraries, that he knows the sure trick of talk to set a girl a-glowing in her first party gown, that he can make a mint julep that will make you forget what you don't want to remember, and remember what you don't want to forget, and that he can do all this decorated with hirsute facial lambrequins once by the goddess dubbed "Piccadilly weepers." For, more than many monies it is to be an exemplar of the graces that soothe the grind out of life, and greater than any power to give or refuse credit is to be a generator of joy. Hail Bill! We who are about to laugh, salute thee!

♦♦♦

Paradisi Gloria

By Thomas William Parsons

*O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina
D'una vera citta* —

Dante.

THERE is a city, builded by no hand.
And unapproachable by sea or shore;
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb
No ray shall fall from satellite or sun,
Or any star; but He who said "I Am,"
Shall be the Light, He and His Holy One.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of o'd
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,—
Musical motion,—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

The Farmer and Single Tax

By W. H. T. Wakefield

NOT long ago, a rainy day and a washed-out bridge, left a Chicago traveling salesman stranded in the hotel of a Kansas town. The drummer had "seen the cat" and was discussing the Single Tax with one present who believed in and knew it thoroughly. A half dozen farmers and several business and professional men were present and listened to the talk awhile, when the fat and pompous Methodist minister interrupted them by saying: "It would never do in the world; it would ruin all the farmers to have to pay all the taxes."

"But the farmers would pay under the Single Tax less than one-fourth, probably but a fifth or sixth of the proportion of tax they now pay, to say nothing of their relief from monopoly extortion, which is ten times greater than all their taxes," replied the local Single Taxer.

A derisive laugh by the preacher and loud haws by the farmers followed, and the former said: "How do you make that out, when farmers own nearly all the land?"

"The Single Tax would not be levied on land acreage, but on land values, and though farmers own half or more of the nation's area, they own only about ten per cent. of the nation's land values, and much of that is mortgaged," replied the local Single Taxer.

"Why, man alive, you are crazy; where and what are the land values aside from the farms—what do they amount to in value compared to all the farms," exclaimed he of the black coat and plug hat.

"The greatest land values are in the cities and towns, but mining lands alone are worth more than farm lands and yield a much larger net revenue," was the reply.

"I cannot believe it; why, the cities and towns really take up very little land compared to the whole. Of course some mines are quite valuable, but most of them barely pay for working," replied the preacher.

The drummer then said, "Do you not know that the land values of Chicago alone are greater than that of all the farms in Illinois, our largest and most fertile State in the Mississippi valley, and there are many other cities and hundreds of towns in the State whose land values must be considered.

The minister seemed too dazed to reply, but a farmer said, "What is land worth an acre in Chicago? Pretty high, I guess."

"What should you think it worth—give a guess," said the drummer.

"Oh, I don't know, but I suppose its awfully high: some of it a thousand or two thousand dollars an acre, I guess, or even more," the farmer said.

"Shouldn't wonder if on the best business streets it was four or five thousand," ventured the preacher.

"Why, gentlemen," said the drummer, "you couldn't buy enough for a lettuce bed, or to set a dog kennel on, for five thousand dollars without going fifteen miles from the City Hall. Land is selling every day in Chicago at from five to twenty millions per acre, or at that rate, for it is not sold by the acre, but by the foot. Now figure up how many farms you can buy for twenty millions. If two thousand, the average price here, one acre in Chicago is worth as much as ten thousand Kansas farms, and then remember that in nearly every State is one city, or, at most, two or three cities, in which the bare land values exceed that of all the farms of the State. In Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania the bare land values of cities are twenty times the farm values; in Ohio ten times, and so on. Even in Kansas you have four or five cities in which land values exceed those of all your farms, as I find in your State Auditor's reports."

From the July Single Tax Review.

♦♦♦

Many years ago the late Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, was present at a public dinner, at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report.

He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with, "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition:

"Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Nugent's

Our Great August Sale

—OF—

Table Damasks, Cloths ^{and} Napkins,
Towels, Toweling and Crashes,

As well as our Wonderful Bargains in

Sheets and Pillow Cases

Is daily bringing to our store the shrewdest and best posted housewives in St. Louis, and the generous purchases made by them attest the sterling values to be had at our reliable store. No house in the country makes such strenuous efforts to maintain our prestige as "the best linen house in St. Louis," earned by long association with the best manufacturers of linens, in Ireland, Scotland and the Continent, and this August Sale offers bargains in every grade of the manufacturers of flax from the most noted makers of the world.

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co., Broadway, Washington Ave.
and St. Charles Street.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jennie:

'P ON me soul, there's little to write, save that Ollie Roberts is still in possession of "the freedom of the city," in spite of all the efforts of the graft gang on the police force to job her on some charge and railroad her out of town; Rev. Dr. Williamson is going to preach, according to the *Globe-Democrat*, of Tuesday, "in John D. Rockefeller's church," which intimates that the church is no longer God's or Christ's, but a Standard Oil branch office, and H. Clay Pierce is still in precipitate flight from officers of the law. Then, too, our leading society event mustn't pass unnoticed—the wedding of our distinguished short-stop of the Browns, Mr. Roddy Wallace, and a really pretty girl named June Mann. And Zack Tinker and Jimmie O'Neill and Joseph Gilman Miller and Lord knows how many other distinguished folks have been arrested for automobile scorching.

I'm sending you the deliciousest, tenderest book I've read in a coon's age. Don't thank me, for I'd never have seen it but for George Tansey. You'll just find your heart charmed out of your breast by Carl Ewald's "My Little Boy," and you'll be ordering it by the dozen from the publishers, Scribners. The pathos that threads its humor is of the finest quality. He's surely an immortal child-hero, and you love him and are sorry for him as he comes up against the little things of childhood that foreshadow the big things of life; the death of the dog, the squandering of his pennies, the double-barreled love affair, with *Dirty* and *Erna*, the Jew-baiting and his final going away to school. 'Tis a great book, my Jen; a commentary on the big problems that strikes home poignantly, and

written with simplicity adorable. Eugene Field never touched the fineness of this writer, Carl Ewald. You'll thank me for "My Little Boy" more than for all my silly gossip, and especially, as a woman, when you come to the father's telling the mother of the little boy that a man *can* love two women at once. That's the saddest fact in the world, Jen, even if none of us women *can* believe it.

Two engagements, my ownest, and quite in our set, you know. It's such a blessed relief to know that some really fashionable people are still in town and getting engaged, and perfectly proper things like that. I always hate the summer, unless father will let me go straight to Magnolia or some other exclusive resort, for dearest, every time you pick up a daily paper and start to hunt for news about those in the swim, all you get is the doings of Miss Baden of North St. Louis or else Miss Carondelet, who was "surprised by her hosts of admiring friends" the night before.

But these two engagements, they are the real article. Eugenia Bakewell, the young one that they call "Ducky" for short—that is because they live in the country, you know—has decided to give her heart and hand to Charlie Roberts—he is of the Lindell boulevard Roberts family, and a brother of that unique little Mimi, who looks like a French marquise. They are related to the Maffitts, I think, and terribly exclusive. I once was calling with mother on Mrs. Roberts—it was a day or so before Mimi's coming-out reception, and the maid came in and told Mrs. Roberts that a lady reporter was at the telephone and wanted to know about the blow-out, only, my angel, she didn't say it in that fresh and slangy way of mine—and you should have seen Mrs. Roberts get up on her hind—I mean, darling, you should have seen her

indignation. It was all wool and seven yards wide. She said she thought reporters were a plague on the face of the earth, or some other equally pungent remark, and from the way she started for the phone, I guess that newspaper lady wished she'd never been born. 'Course mother and I watched the next day to see if there was anything said about Mimi's affair, and, my dearest, there wasn't a word, and not at all during that week, which shows that Mrs. Roberts knows how to stop all such sensational articles, doesn't it? Father said he bet she was sorry, and he knew nothing hurt the women so much as being left out altogether of papers and things—but he doesn't begin to know our sex, Jen, even tho' he's been married to mother for lo, these many moons. I know that Mrs. Roberts was delighted beyond measure—it made her entertainment so much more recherche, not to have a word said in print. I haven't seen nor heard a thing of Mimi since her debut. She was one of those buds that opened up quick and then shut tight, the night-blooming cereus variety, as it were—a very piquant girl, though, and awfully clever, they say. Charlie I don't know at all, but Edwina Tutt told me he had simply worshipped Eugenia for years and years—Eugenia is about nineteen, so they must have got an early start. The Bakewell girls have a pretty good time. They live in town during the winter at some swell hotel, and then hike out to Webster every spring and stay at a perfectly elegant big farm, where all the men are invited to stay over Sunday. Mrs. Paul Bakewell is a lovely woman—and the girls are the essence of refinement, and so original in looks—Eugenia is a splendid brunette, with the dreamy eyes Anna Held used to sing about. Marie is the next oldest, and they do say that a certain elderly bachelor who owns a fine establishment in town, has been pressing his suit for two years with no results, as

yet, but maybe there will be some when Eugenia steps off.

✱

The other engagement concerns an equally old Roman Catholic family, the Nidelets. They are a branch of the old Michel family, and have inter-married some. This is a little girl named Elizabeth Nidelet, who is going to marry Felix Gunn, whose father is city statistician in Comptroller Player's office, and one of the really able men who put brains into public service. Nice family, too, the Gunns, and it seems altogether fitting and proper. The Nidelet girls have all been belles—one married that robust Charlie Michel, and went out West to live, and another identified herself with the von Phul family by marriage. The oldest is May, who has been engaged for some years to Edgar Rozier, another scion of old French stock, and they don't marry because he has not yet come into his inheritance, I believe. A very considerable one it is, too. One daughter eloped, and it was a whole year before the family knew she was married—great sensation. This was Celestine, I think. Don't believe you knew her—she went to the Maryville Convent, and belonged to an older crowd of girls than ours, dearest.

✱

Went out to Kirkwood the other day, darling, to rusticate, and kind of make home seem more home-like. I always come back with that sensation after I've seen our suburbs. There are those who don't agree with me—they live out there—but then, why does a hen cross the road, to be irrelevant? Went to spend the day with Hattie Dean—awfully nice girl, Hat—and so substantial. Never saw anybody so popular. Why, Jane, she had seven telephones from real live men—suburban men, of course, but what of that?—during the morning, asking her to picnics and to play tennis and goodness knows what all. Two men invited themselves to luncheon, and when she told 'em they couldn't come, they came anyway. Such suburban nerve! She and Billy Thompson are the Webster pops, begging their pardon. Don't you remember Billy? Oh, my, dear, he's a perfect peach—Children, old folks, young men and maidens cry for him; he's the most good natured soul alive, and always in for fun. He boards in town somewhere, but that doesn't prevent his spending all his spare time in Webster and Kirkwood. They say he gets more dinner invites to real suburban dinners, Jane—meat, three vegetables and pie—than any other man in those 'ere diggin's, and I believe it. Billy went to Mexico once for a long stay, and you should have seen Webster sassy pine away and grow thin and flabby. They had some swell church fair or lawn party, or such doings out there the other night, and I declare, it was a sight calculated to fill the stoniest eye with tears to see the way those unscrupulous maidens imposed on the good nature of said B. Thompson. I spied him about ten o'clock, meandering round the grounds wearing a beatific smile, and carrying in one hand a tissue paper doll, the ballet style, you know, in another, three pen wipers and two crocheted neckties, while a yellow paper sunflower was attached to one buttonhole, and a linen book cover, one of those entirely useless, but expensive church fair varieties, had been pinned by fair fingers to the other coat lapel. Billy was a study in good nature, and I envied his genial disposition. Webster has changed a lot the last few years. Its inhabitants are becoming much more humanized than formerly, and less resentful of city invasion. There used to be a time when you couldn't go out to the Algonquin Club to take lunch with friends who were members, that somebody who lived in that region didn't snub you most to the point of total eclipse, but that is happily past. Everybody learns after awhile, and Webster had to depend on itself so long that it's only natural narrow mindedness should grow and thrive. The Siddy girls have always lived out there. The oldest and handsomest married some town fellow—they live in

Westminster—and is still as handsome as ever. Haven't seen her for months, but she's a stunner always. The younger one, Edna, was recently married—kind of nice girl, a little self-conscious and self-centered, but that will wear off. Perfectly wonderful how some of these lovely, affected, and important little girls change after a year or two mending Hubby's garments and looking after Hubby's meals, and, my dearest ducky, I may as well whisper softly in your ear that I don't at all agree with the "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking what a nice world this would be, if the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea."

✱

The Algonquin Club was entertained by that new Paddle and Saddle Club down the Meramec the other afternoon and evening. We all went. It was daisy. I thought Sallie Gruet was the belle of the evening. Sallie is a sister of that sumptuous Mrs. Al. Mc-

Kinney. Mrs. McK. has the peachiest complexion in this neck o' the woods. And I may tell you privately that it's every bit her own. The McKinneys live at the Hamilton Hotel in winter, and open their sububs cottage in summer. Al is getting so fat that his best friends don't know him across the street, and I guess it's all due to Ruth's cooking-school lessons.

✱

Roger Annan was seen in town yesterday. This is not a clipping from the *Rhubarb's Register*, tho' it certainly sounds that way. Roger was wearing a smile like Quaker oats. He has a brand-new daughter.

✱

Jane, what's the reason people can't be reasonable? Now wait till I ask you more particular like. Went down to Union Station a few nights ago to see some friends of mother's off for the East. We got them aboard the sleeper, and as we started down the

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steps and out on the platform, just a minute before the train started, some very well known St. Louis people, man and wife, and one other woman, were also there, seeing friends off. The wife was at the foot of the sleeper steps, talking very earnestly to a thin-faced, ill-looking little woman, who was the traveler. I know the wife very well, and I also know her for a generous, kind-hearted woman who has much money, and who gives liberally of it and her time, to all who need. I don't know the husband at all, except by sight. The thin-faced little woman was evidently very loathe to go, and in much distress. Tears were running down her cheeks, and she looked the picture of woe. The wife was doing her utmost to encourage, and as I hurried by on the steps of the adjoining car, I heard the wife say:

"Now, don't worry a single bit. Just compose your mind and remember that those money matters are going to straighten out all right. If they don't, rely on us. We will attend to them for you." Then she kissed the poor soul and was whispering a few last words of comfort when Mr. Husband, important and dignified personage that he is, felt it was time to take a hand. Coming up to the car steps he thundered out so that everybody within a radius of seven-teen yards heard him, unless totally deaf:

"What on earth do you mean by keeping me waiting all this time? Haven't you any regard for other people? For heaven's sake do all your kissing and disgusting good-byes inside doors after this. Come on, now, I'm going home. I'm tired of this nonsense," and he strode down the platform like an outraged son of Olympus. Privately, I think, he needed

a spanking administered by the shingle route. He is a middle aged judge, but he behaved like a spoiled child of ten years. And I hope to goodness that his wife dressed him down in good style when she got him home. Only she's too sweet and gentle to ever do anything but mildly expostulate and feel hurt.

BLUE JAY.

An amusing anecdote is told in San Francisco at the expense of one of the employes of the firm of Baker & Hamilton. Let us call him Smith. Smith lost his home in the great fire and the hospitable head of the firm of Baker & Hamilton offered him shelter under his own roof, which happened to be in the Western Addition, beyond the ravages of the flames. Although a very wealthy man, Mr. Baker was unable to procure drinking water during the first few days after the fire. So he employed two men and a boy with buckets to pack water all the way from an artesian well in the Richmond district, two miles away. The only large receptacle in the house was the porcelain bathtub, which was accordingly scrubbed and washed and scoured and scoured and washed and scrubbed, and the precious water was therein stored. It took two days to fill the tub, and Mr. Baker paid accordingly.

On the first morning after his arrival, Mr. Baker's guest was late in appearing for breakfast. Mr. Baker sent a servant to call him. The servant returned with a frightened look.

"Did you call Mr. Smith," said the master.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"He's not in his room, sir."

"Where is he, then?" said Mr. Baker.

"He's taking a bath, sir!"

"I understand," began Mrs. Gailey, sternly, "that you have been seen at the theater with my husband—" "Well," interrupted the pretty governess, defiantly, "what of that?" "Well, Miss Reeder, if you wish to remain in my employ you'll have to keep better company."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"What is the first thing to learn about running a motor car?" asked the curious friend.

"Economy in everything else," answered the man who is always getting into trouble.—*Washington Star*.

Miss Lakewood: What a lovely new yacht Mr. McSosh has! Is it a centerboard boat?

Miss Cleveland: No—no. From what they tell me, I think it's a sideboard boat.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if you had twenty cherries and your little brother asked you for half of them how many would you have left?"

"Twenty," replied Tommy promptly.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Small Boy: Pa, what is an Optimist?

Pa: An Optimist, my son, is a man who doesn't care a damn what happens, so that it doesn't happen to him.

Summer Shows

The glad-hand stirs noisily in the Suburban pavilion these days—the result of the hypnotic influence of the Fealy grace, face and form upon the admiring auditors. Miss Fealy is a hypnotic wonder in the title role of "Mistress Nell." She has all her airs and charms on exhibition—in themselves quite a show—and romps through the piece as though she is really enjoying herself. No one who has any acquaintance with the clever and charming actress who was great when Charles II was king, can detect any of her characteristics in Miss Fealy's impersonation, but Miss Fealy's appeal is strong, despite this fact. Someone has said she is lacking in personal magnetism. That's a mistake. She has it to give away and then some. She's actually too attractive to be an absolute failure in any role. Her support is enthusiastic and intelligent. Walter Edwards is a most purple personage as Charles II. Miss Leigh's designing *Duchess of Portsmouth* is admirably done, likewise Harry Fenwick's *Duke of York*. And Arthur Buchanan's *Strings*, the old musician, is a delectable piece of acting. Altogether "Mistress Nell" is a pretty piece of entertainment.

Next week: "The Christian."

The breeziness of the Western plains characterizes "The Cowboy Girl," the musical-melodrama which served to open the Imperial season Sunday. The music of the piece is one of its admirable features; a number of catchy songs, some comic, being introduced. Miss Rowland is a most realistic cowboy-girl heroine who handles shooting rods like Paderewski does a piano and rides like a rancher. There's some blood and a little thunder in the piece but the music and singing take away any bad taste these may cause one. Next to Miss Rowland in point of prominence is Billy Devere, a veteran actor who plays the role of *Bill Hay*, the Supreme Court of Happy Camp. On the whole the musical-melodrama is an improvement on the old "thriller" show and "The Cowboy Girl" particularly so, and, lest we forget, the renovated, re-decorated Imperial is both beautiful and comfortable these warm days.

Next week: "A Wife's Secret."

They haven't turned "thumbs down" on "Dearie" at Forest Park Highlands yet. Mrs. Erlinger, the "Dearie Bride," still sings it to the same old rounds of applause. The other attractions at the cool spot on the hill are many and varied. The vaudeville is of the usual high-class character with the Five Musical Byrons; Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper, in their "Darktown Circus"; Ed LaVine's ludicrous soldier and juggling sketch, acrobats, comic and serious, whirlwind cyclists and other features.

All the Delmar players are doing mockingbird lays this week. The new musical show at the garden is something to their taste—a sort of short-milk-punch with a large cap of frothiness. It's popular with the patrons, too. Caecilia Rhoda is the *bird* of the flock. Her soprano scales all heights and her acting is a revelation throughout. John E. Young,

whose evolution from the ridiculous to the sublime is one of the features of the production, runs Miss Rhoda a close second. They start out on equal terms in a most pleasing number, "What's the matter with the Moon To-night," but Miss Rhoda's witching rendition of "Sly Musette" soon puts John E. out of the running. Still, John E. is the cynosure of all eyes as the fascinating Virginian, *Bob Finchley*, a part that is many removes from the usual Young grotesqueries. Frederick Knight, the tenor, is pleasing but his voice lacks the range of Mr. Rushworth, his predecessor. William Riley Hatch, William Herman West, Pearl Revare, Jennie Opie and May Gabriel, as usual, are distinguishable by their capital performances.

Next week: "The Strollers."

The Standard's Opening.

The Standard Theater, completely redecorated and with every convenience for the comfort of patrons, will open the season next Sunday afternoon with a matinee performance by the Empire Burlesquers, a company that is even better than last season, when it was considered one of the best burlesque shows on the road. The opening bill includes high class specialties, the new-

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Take a trip over the line next Saturday and look over the country. The service is convenient and the rates are cheap.

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New Books

Willis George Emerson's story, "The Builders" (Forbes & Company, Chicago), hasn't much of novelty either in plot or style to rave over, but there is a compelling interest, sometimes humorous and sometimes pathetic in the fortunes of that true prospector and gentleman, *Ben Hilliard*, who has confidently and persistently, but vainly for years, bored into an Idaho mountain with gold mines all about him, in the hope of making his "strike." His failures have been so repeated that all have lost faith in him, save his beautiful and loving daughter, *Ruth*, who has grown up in the hills, and the rather tame hero, *Fred Rockwell*, a newspaper writer, her father's partner, who has supplied the cash for the enterprise, and who alone is rewarded, since he wins the heart and hand of *Ruth*. Otherwise the tale is thin and stereotyped.

Newton Newkirk's "Recollections of a Gold-Cure Graduate," have the true sanitarium odor. It is detectible in every line. In some of the fables, anecdotes and epigrams are the sparks of genius and fun, but the reading of a good many of them would drive a person to drink. For the few laughs it contains the volume is welcome—at least, to the lid-oppressed. The book is from the press of H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston, Mass. It has one or two good illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith.

Is Your Coal Bin Empty?

Is your bin full of coal? If it is you're lucky. If it isn't you better get a move on. It isn't likely the price will descend any, but there is a chance of it going up when the rush begins. Next month everybody will be hustling to lay in their coal, and it's going to be a difficult matter to get orders filled. There is now a big supply of Staunton coal, the product of the Mt. Olive and Staunton Coal Company, and it is accessible to all, as nearly all retail coal dealers handle it and have an early supply on hand. The Staunton coal is a popular fuel in St. Louis. During the season of 1905-06 a quarter of a million tons were consumed in homes here, an increase of 50,000 tons over the preceding season. And the industrial consumers increased their order last season 300,000 tons. Better order Staunton and be easy for the winter.

The Army of Teachers

The army of education in the United States is made up of 450,000 teachers, of whom 120,000 are men and 330,000 women. The overwhelming majority of the teachers are natives of the United States, less than 30,000 having been born abroad—one in fifteen.

Most of the male teachers are between the years of 25 and 35. The majority of the women teachers are between 15 and 25.

There are 2,300 male teachers over 65. There are less than 1,500 female teachers over 65. Three times as many female as male teachers are put down as "age unknown."



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There are 21,000 colored teachers in the United States, thus divided between the two sexes: 7,700 men and 13,300 women. There are 500 Indian teachers in the Indian schools of the United States—240 men and 260 women.

The average age of teachers in the United States is higher than in England and lower than in Germany. The proportion of very youthful teachers is much greater in the country than in the city districts.

The largest proportion of male teachers

is to be found in West Virginia, where they number 50 per cent of the total. The largest proportion of women is to be found in Vermont, where they form 90 per cent of the whole number. The standard of education is very much higher in Vermont than it is in West Virginia.

The number of teachers in the United States has increased greatly in recent years. In 1871 there was 125,000, in 1880, 225,000, in 1890, 340,000, and it is at present 450,000.



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Thomas Edison once told this story: "In the year 1873 a man from Massachusetts came to California with a chronic liver complaint. He searched all over the Coast for a mineral spring to cure the disease and finally he found, down in the San Joaquin Valley, a spring, the waters of which almost instantly cured him. He therefore started a sanitarium, and people all over the world came, and were quickly cured. Last year this man died, and so powerful had been the action of the waters that they had to take his liver out and kill it with a club."

Ascum—I suppose when you were in Paris you took in their great race track.

Spoartie—No, but I did see a close race in Great Britain.

"Yes? What was it?"

"The Scotch."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Franko at the Alps

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

The few people who ventured their dimes on the "coffee concert" at the Alps Sunday afternoon, straggled into this picturesque remnant of the World's Fair without enthusiasm, wearing that look of resigned boredom which has become known as "the Rosenbecker face." There was no sign of expectancy about this Sunday-afternoon-killing corporal's guard, the Rosenbecker regime having most effectually destroyed any anticipatory sensations of a joyous nature, and the general indifference to the affairs of the Alps gave little interest to the fact that a new conductor was to appear at this concert.

However, Herr Nahan Franko had scarcely taken his place on the leader's stand when the listless Alps audience began to sit up, and before the last chord of Komzak's "Kaiser March" had died away the long suffering Alps goers were fully aroused, and became thoroughly aware that the Alps orchestra had at last a leader. Under the slipshod direction of the listless Rosenbecker, this orchestra had degenerated into a loose, straggly body, with alarming "go-as-you-please" tendencies, and while on Sunday slips were not infrequent, the new conductor demonstrated conclusively that the pulling together process was only a matter of another rehearsal.

Herr Franko has the authority born of native talent, reinforced by invincible knowledge. The orchestra is to him an instrument to be manipulated at will by his baton. His touch is sure and firm, and exquisitely artistic. He is a master of dramatic expression, and possesses to a marked degree that invaluable quality of clarifying a composition by setting forth melodies and contra melodies, without undue emphasis. His appreciation of tone values is perfect, and the homogeneity of his performance is never disturbed.

Nowadays the conductor, and not the orchestra, is the prime factor in making orchestral concerts popular; the public goes to hear a Damrosch, or a Nikisch, and the orchestra is only a secondary consideration. Rosenbecker was entirely devoid of the qualities essential to success as a leader; he lacked magnetism, and failed utterly to infuse life and vitality into his men. Franko has personality, finesse, and is a thorough artist. In the matter of programme making, too, Franko's superiority is evident. Sunday afternoon's programme contained, in addition to a Mozart overture, a "Lohengrin" excerpt and a Chopin transcription, a Strauss waltz, a Komzak's march and two pieces of the "popular" variety new to St. Louis. At the evening concert was offered a Bach choral and Fugue, the Brahms "Hungarian Dances," the Czardas from Delibes' "Coppelia," and a number of tuneful, taking numbers in lighter vein. Franko's discrimination added to his virtues, as a musician should do much toward the rehabilitation of the Alps in the eyes of the public, and if his engagement at this late day is not a case

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of locking the door of the empty stable his reign will prove successful financially, as well as artistically.

At present the Alps is in a bad way. Audiences have dwindled from week to week, under the boredom inflicted by the leaden leader, and while occasionally a well known soloist like Helen Bertram or Eugene Cowles pulled up the attendance, as a rule, the drawing qualities of the Rosenbecker orchestra had to be depended upon, and the result has been most disastrous. Now it remains for Herr Franko to lure back the public by his masterly directing and his superb violin solos. He is aided in this difficult undertaking by Genevieve Clark Wilson, a singer of authority and charm, this week, and next week he will have the assistance of the opulent Wynne Wins'ow, whose beauty and sweet, clear voice are potent with the local public; during the week following lusty-lunged "Joe" Sheehan will nightly emit a volley of top C's—which is sure to help some.

✱

Lillian Apel.

It is the manner, and not the matter, that makes worth while, from a musical standpoint, Lillian Apel's pianistic feats at the Columbia this week. Miss Apel's playing is of a caliber heretofore unknown in a vaudeville performance, and is a decided innovation in this form of entertainment. This interesting pianist's performance is strictly legitimate, and its effectiveness is due entirely to her extraordinarily rich, powerful tone, remarkable facility, the beauty and taste of her shading and phrasing, and her finesse in the use of the damper pedal. Miss Apel has an almost inimitable power of tone coloring, which makes her playing of wide appeal, and proved to be most effective with the Columbia's audience of Monday.

Miss Apel played well known airs with variations—compositions trivial in themselves, but dignified by the sincerity and earnestness of the pianist.

The vehicle which serves to display Miss Apel's talents is an exceedingly clever sketch, entitled "A Fair Masquerader," in which the pianist is assisted by Frederick Summer, an actor of ability.

FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN

Via Illinois Central R. R. daily beginning June 24th:

Leave St. Louis.....	11:45 a. m.
Arrive Peoskey.....	6:25 a. m.
Bay View at.....	6:28 a. m.
We-que-ton-sing.....	7:22 a. m.
Harbor Springs.....	7:25 a. m.

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15th & Locust Streets, St. Louis

The Stock Market

According to the latest Government estimates, this year's crops of wheat, corn and cotton promise to be extraordinarily heavy. The combined winter and spring wheat yield is estimated at, approximately, 50,000,000 bushels in excess of that of a year ago, and 23,000,000 bushels in excess of that of 1901, which has, so far, been high record. The estimate on corn is about 10,000,000 bushels ahead of last year's. But this lead may be increased within the next few weeks. The promises of the Southern cotton fields are equally excellent. It would not be surprising at all if the final figures should approach or even exceed those of the record-smashing crop of 1904, which ran up to 13,000,000 bales.

This news from the agricultural regions is of an importance that cannot be overvalued in conservative discussion. Verily, this is the good-luck country *par excellence*. It is heavy crops that we need more than anything else this year to strengthen the foundations of our national financial structure. We have now every reason to believe that the new fiscal year of the Government will witness further substantial gains in our exports. This should prove a God-send, in view of our unusually large indebtedness to foreign bankers, and the reasonable certainty that we will soon have occasion to contract fresh loans abroad. Crop-failures this year would have been decidedly more than unpleasant, not alone for Wall street, but the entire nation. As it is, we have plenty of reason to be thankful, and to look with augmented hopefulness towards the future.

Of course, the roseate crop estimates have had a very depressing effect on the grain markets. Wheat and corn are down to figures at which even chronic bears are timid of selling. Wheat looks particularly cheap and weak. Holders are afraid to add to their loads, in the fact of the tremendous outpour of the golden grain from the farmers' bins. To intensify the depression, comes the news of favorable crop outlooks in the foreign wheat-producing countries. It would seem as though the year 1906 were destined to go down into history as the year of the horn of plenty. The low prices for grain will stimulate exports and thereby enlarge the already extraordinary volume of business on the country's transportation lines still more. If farmers do not get so much for their stuff, they may console themselves with the thought that they will have more to sell. Big crops never hurt anybody, the assertions of the Southern Cotton Growers' Association and of Farmers' Alliances to the contrary notwithstanding. The heavy cotton yield of 1904 certainly failed to injure the Southern planter. Agricultural wealth is the foundation of all other wealth.

Wall street has been inspired by the reports from the West and South. Stocks have firmed up somewhat, with increased activity in the Granger issues. Union Pacific, Atchison, St. Paul, Mis-

souri Pacific and Northern Pacific displayed marked resiliency in the last few days. This in spite of higher money rates, and falling surplus reserves. Atchison common acts in a specially vigorous fashion. There are persistent rumors of an increased dividend. The current quotations seem to foreshadow an advance to 5 per cent. Bulls on the stock declare that it should be worth at least 110 right now. It is singular that the 5 per cent. preferred stocks should still be quoted at 101. About five years ago it went as high as 108. At that time it surely was not worth as much as it is now. An increase in the common dividend could readily be ordered, as the net earnings of the property are again registering large gains, and future prospects all that could be desired.

Southern Pacific is still being "bulled" on "tips" of a higher dividend rate. The pool at work in these shares appears to be adroitly managed. Its maneuvers, at times, suggest the fine Italian hand of "Jim" Keere. Union Pacific common retains the market's leadership. It rallies quickly from declines, and the bears are afraid to "monkey with the buzz-saw" pending the directors' action on the dividend. The decline of about 4 per cent in the spring-wheat condition has not done much damage to the Northwestern shares. St. Paul common continues well-groomed. It's in the hand of a powerful clique. There are good signs of liquidation ever and anon, but care is taken to remove all appearance of actual weakness. Wall street still delights in talk of a purchase of the Great Northern ore beds by the United States Steel Corporation. Rumors along this line have been current for ever so many moons. The officials remain either close-mouthed or else deny the rumors *in toto*. While Wall street is full of that faith which removes mountains, the bulls will work alluring rumors of this sort for all they are worth.

The surplus reserves are down to \$8,271,525, which is the lowest level, for this time of the year, since 1893. The monetary movement has definitely turned against New York. This is plainly indicated by the heavy drop in quotations on New York drafts at Chicago, St. Louis and other interior centers of finance. The New York banks are in a weak position. Nobody will dare deny that. In response to the ebbing away of surplus reserves, sterling exchange is weak and drooping. This should foreshadow a renewal of borrowing abroad, and a resumption of gold imports. The foreign exchange market is now practically at a point permissive of such a movement hitherward. The Bank of England has raised its price on bar gold, and is evidently not disposed to let us have much of the yellow metal. Neither is the Bank of France in a position to ship a large amount to New York, in spite of its increased holdings of gold.

There can be no doubt that money stringency cannot be avoided this com-

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ing fall. Call rates are already firming up, and loans covering the balance of the year are hard to obtain at less than 6 per cent. The country needs all the money it has, and more to boot, for a while, at least. The heavy crops, and real estate boom, and active business generally, involve a serious strain on the financial fabric. This is something that will not inure to Wall street's benefit. Eventually, the speculative cliques will have to surrender to the inevitable. To shut the eyes and to "wash" stocks for the purpose of lifting quotations will not stave off the evil day indefinitely. In the mean-

time, however, or until the money pressure powerfully asserts itself, pyrotechnics in certain volatile issues may continue in order.

Local Issues.

Street railways issues are slightly lower. United Railways preferred is selling at 80½ and 80¼. There were quite a number of sales in these shares. The common receded to 47 bid, 48 asked, and the 4 per cent bonds are 85¼ bid, 85¾ asked, with but few transactions. The announcement of the ratification by the stockholders of the United Railways-Suburban deal has

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aroused but languid interest. The various phases of the transactions had been amply discussed.

The financial stocks were firm, taken as a whole, but transfers were exceedingly few. Third National has, nominally, risen to 300 bid, 310 asked, and Bank of Commerce 320 bid, 325 asked. Missouri-Lincoln is steady, with bids at 131, and offerings at 131½.

Nothing worth chronicling took place in the bond and industrial list. Quotations are mostly nominal, and therefore more or less worthless.

Bank clearances are heavy. Interest rates remain firm at 5¼ to 6 per cent. Drafts on New York are 30 discount bid, 20 discount asked. Sterling exchange is weak at \$4.85½. Berlin is 94.75. and Paris 5.18¾.

Answers to Inquiries.

J. F. R.—Pressed Steel Car common sold at 63½ in 1902. Stock is highly speculative. Not a safe investment by any means. Earnings of company suffered sharp contraction a few years ago, which necessitated stoppage of dividend payments on common. At present business is prosperous again.

M. D. W., St. Charles, Mo.—Would recommend holding St. Louis Southwestern preferred. Company's prospects for business very good. Earnings picking up. Erie common should be held.

W. K.—St. Paul common sold at 198¾ in 1902. Never touched that level since. High on Pennsylvania in 1905 was 148. In 1902, it touched 170. Reading common touched 79 in 1905. High was 148¾.

Salad Days

There is no more agreeable or refreshing addition to a cold meat collation, especially in the fine warm days of summer, than a well made salad. It is the experience of a good many persons that the appetite becomes lessened by the sight of food, and more particularly of animal food, on a hot day, and that this is not so much the case when it is accompanied by a fresh green salad, which not only renders the outlook of a meal attractive, so far as regards the palate, but encouraging also to the digestive organs. When there is no inclination to eat, or when, as it is commonly said, a person does not "fancy" his food, there is, as a rule, torpidity of digestive function. With the sight of tempting food the work of the digestive organs is begun. "The mouth waters and even the gastric juice flows in response to a pleasant impression. The salad, therefore, may fill a special and important gap in the dietary, and when it is prepared with oil, as every good salad should be it becomes an excellent and agreeable vehicle for conveying fat into the body.

It is a singular fact that until quite recent years the salad was an almost ignored dish in England, and its preparation was so badly understood and its attractive qualities were thereby so impaired that few were tempted to include the salad in the daily dietary. The demand for salad has since happily grown,

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thanks, perhaps, to the experience of an increasing clientele who have visited the countries of the salad connoisseur on the Continent. But even now few English people realize that there is no country so favored as is England with materials for making salad—materials which grow wild abundantly and which may be possessed for the mere plucking.

As a rule a salad conveys to the average English mind merely a dish of cultivated plants, such as lettuce, endive, cucumber, mustard, cress, onion or radish. Such excellent wild vegetables as sorrel, dandelion, wild chicory, shepherd's purse, lady's smock, or even stone crop, all dignified by the name of weeds, are well known to our French neighbors as admirable ingredients of a salad; but such plants, though growing abundantly in every grassy meadow, are almost unknown as materials for a salad in this country. Dressed by the discreet addition of some olive oil and pure wine vinegar, no more excellent

adjunct to the cold dish can be suggested. The oil modifies and "smooths" the peculiar flavors of the juices of the plant, while the vinegar softens the tissues, renders them more digestible, and gives an agreeable piquancy to the whole. The use of salads prepared from tender plants by those who possess normal digestive powers is undoubtedly salutary, and the constituents of raw green vegetables contain salts which have a favorable effect upon the condition of the blood.—*The Lancet.*

Jennie—Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day?

Olive—Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her.—*American Spectator.*

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"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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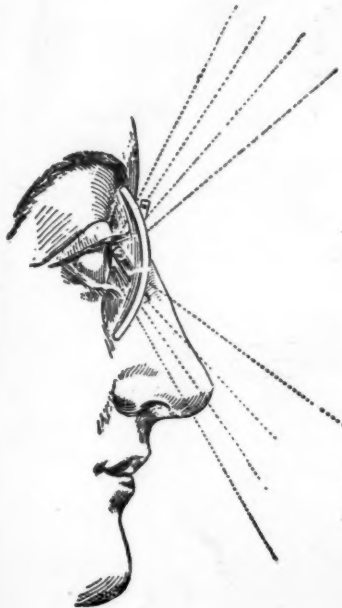
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